



Groggy Slug

Olchar E. Lindsann

Lug s

~~~~~

“ravelled across a brutally magnetic blade of gra”

-Elena Shvarts, *Elegy on the 5<sup>th</sup> Cardinal*  
*Point of the Earth*

“or for the dead to meet the dead, or for”

-Joyelle McSweeney, *What is the*  
*Necropastoral?*

~~~~~

a slug or a kidney
is seeping eht lino
leum smear on a slipped in stepped wh
ere yr spittle
rages
morphology of maggots
reliance ventpump where the starshine twink
le cheerful chort
le lugu,
brious as the melt of fat
hello
sunsalted skelet, crawling, how it
span with secret dust
on sunken parch papillae
on sockets quickened sand
o ne wither pas nor skinrust pus
wrack avec the sugary cadavers
nor quiver sagely ,nor
seep venom, venerant

Pell ,s

~~~~~

“ver endure to look in a Glass after my Eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious Objects, because the Comparison gave me so despicable a Conc”

-Swift, Gulliver's Travels

“dex finger there. This is the figure of the Heiogrammatist: fire, matt”

-Cuvelier de Trie, *The Golden Book*

~~~~~

lever of sympa, thetics custom
mnaster slating in the depths of bliss, ter
camping perched upon the crimson jaw
 wherein the serif plasters
criée mot lapping did you cast in ,flate
the maw's re ,tort re ,flected sulphurfleckt
 in ravelled air in smouke un checked
upon eht mist-hugged glazierskin
 illegi,
 slipp
nor wretched as a fact
 in disolate
but a stranger, straining
 to be être nay,
 not I yet
in the pores broad stare in
 scrutable as
 inscribed upon as
 yet . . .

ilFed

“f our time-racked, flat-lying couple ever intended
to die they would die, as it were, *into* the finished
book, into Ede”

-*Vladimr Nabakov*

lde die, Ede
tno I our, as
grey tend in
ini f lat-ly e
w ing coupl
e ore be f It
s *otni* fin f t
ime-r ack e
d ew b Sign
ws di gr m t
he o ey ime
gr Sign ows
coup dim ur
o s conqu le

“ew Sign grows dim and grey before its conqu”

-*Oscar Wilde*

Nation || State

~~~~~

“we cannot allow our nation to become a  
sanctuary”

Donald Trump, 2-28-17

“ke, yanked from my skull like air”

-John M. Bennett, *That*

*Milky Drool*, 1994

~~~~~

like *skull* our nation our
our *skull* yank swamp *starve* our
mine our **mine** our
spillshaft *seeping* our my our
must skullflesh **great** a
gain a skillflush **mine** so
bleed *bleed* **bleed** *bleed*
bleed **bleed** *bleed* **bleed**
skull-starve million mine
mine *mine* **mine**
ours **ours** *ours*
skullsplit starve *bleed*
bleed *bleed* **bleed** *bleed*
bleed **bleed** *bleed* **bleed**
ours **mine** *ours* **mine**
give us **your** give us *starved*
great **great** **great** **great**
yanked like **bombs** from
the air great **drones** again
our **bombs** our **bombs** great
my **bombs** my **bombs** great
bombs yanked arms yanked
starve **great** our *bleed* our
skull our **bombs** our nation
nation **great** nation **great**
nation **bombs** **great** nation **bombs**
keep the fuckers out **great**
bleed *bleed* **bleed** *bleed*
bleed **bleed** *bleed* **bleed**

***bombs** starve **great** starve skulls* we
 gave them our ***bombs*** our *starve*
***bombs** ours ours ours mine mine*
 gave them our *starve starve starve starve*
 they got the *starve* the ***bombs*** the *skull*
***great** starve nation **bombs** nation starve*
 cannot allow the ***great our*** nation ***ours ours***
 keep em out away (***OUR*** nation ***OUR*** nation)
 they got our ***great bombs*** our ***great** starve*
 what more they want they got our ***bombs*** our *starve*
 their ***bombs*** their *starve* their nation ***bomb***
 keep em the fuck out lest they
bleed upon our ***great great*** carpet

gnash

~~~~~  
 “ts; his jaws imitated the rasp of a file; his kn”

-Bibliophile Jacob, *Danse Macabre*

~~~~~  
 his rasp imi
 asp jaw file
 rile the clasp
 of pile tated
 raw fated nile
 rated law knit
 limit paw a
 timid crawl of
 limited crile,
 flated in the hasp.

Pulls e

~~~~~  
“ak, blooden my lungbone white, m”  
-John Crouse (1994)

“uel teeth like scraps of burning skin.”  
-Jean Ray (1943)  
~~~~~

slidened ribs
like strips enamel craping
incised snip populations hemmorh
clot-grip lentilled ,age
where I wrench o follicles the hasp of innard
hôpital en lacerattitudinal when gulp
in seawaved ganglia eht rooting shred
nor seep cutaneous
in bedlam writ/ing clenchrigh cell
the whiskers nerve enclosed
panopticon of sinews wheezed
et ere the spineshaft in the mangles
reaps within the vat
your fat my gristle matte his tibia
her stern um, cralckish, blenders
nor the tents of for the factor
eyes blasker, jaundiced, grestled
coughing as a drowned:
beating bonedry gainst the ribslashd
cage

trePan

~~~~~  
“he *desideratum* of the thought which one despairs of attaining,  
and all the grace, buoy”

-Théophile Gautier, *Spirit Love* (1877)

~~~~~  
“y spew dreams in a
lake, yanked from my skull like a”

-John M. Bennett, *Milk Drool* (1991)

~~~~~  
leak gracefully  
at aiming etherly, fraught  
blaesd where'e'er yet  
tenuate, gristled like an angel, grunted  
trashfully as  
lemnticular. when breathing dreams  
in creeping à travers the cereb, ante,  
bellum in long columns vapor-flipped  
enwrapped in via seeams ,see  
the miners put back the inex  
pressible to work to yank  
dioxide monoxide branchia  
icecap nervestem, coal  
industrial fragonard flitting featherly to  
skul spare, stack, melting fellatio dollar  
milky as draught, I leak seep dis  
sippate, rate , et jetté our  
thought we whittle  
comme un glacier transubstantiated, d  
reams scaped ozone  
like a trepanned skull

## se Condary

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
“eath, a circular mirror of glory, for all ete”

-Alfred Jarry

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
“oices in the water-pipes, like the echo of fishes conv”

-Auguste Strindberg

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
sere mir  
flushing death  
reanimated pleather ike  
le convo, rushed a  
gland of stirs, nor whippéd round  
l'aureole the plumb the deapth ere  
on the green sward ,bleeding ere corporal  
Trim running parallels, et thumb you see  
where the digression tombéd dans conspirac  
y worming toward le verse y  
wh ,ere leaking pled ,tery grâve, wa  
here in, conchskull whroushing  
feather-baite,d,rown  
eht hobby-horse cob  
-bled in eht  
g/ory-glue

## g elk o

itle k p s, d nora p; f  
let th e ca snil f p r at  
w c yra m, fra l sad—g  
( n, lop or sa ch) of  
l hre, nre, gre, fle d a  
b linging where'e'er  
y en cr ap it, bl e'd in  
venden, bec. ir capal  
frid ere I wand but le  
hintin purak, blett ch  
oldem if jup orat ba ji  
neld, en le g (grec dans  
elep beh k, o's fender i  
felc his j urto, ds) & ye  
fellep outhge, or et gra  
por nes forgan wythgy

~~~~~

-Percy Shelley, "To the Republicans of North America"

~~~~~

Que''

-Paul Foucher, "Memoires de Lord Byron"

~~~~~

que// the crupper alter, kept

a,nemia of nations

,gnaw yet peaceely,

chal ice ,yet crystal fanning

wh'ere Le Pen dip smears wh

'ere tism gyres ,May b/udded

au sterility ,wh'

ere Trump re FU

gees, lease flailing ,flags et polite

ss le natic, s treaming p

rayers rains des bullets doll

ar featherd platelets fall

en skin'ash lash polit

ely , r'ation , w'ave

~~~~~

-Ambrose Bierce

~~~~~

raunch où Pen où paunch

ô leadspark dance ou Panch ô

cron I pan to fry

otni le feu

sur la planche

où fat ubu grim aces launch

his lunch a butted flies

Kwhe

~~~~~  
“ation with *autrui* can speak of the Self and the Other in the  
commo”

—Blanchot, *The Infinite Conversation*  
~^~~~~~

authore avec, rump Taut slathered  
Self in sloughing in the catapf, ault  
coughed lattice ,twisting ,creased acrost  
    *at the shredded pirbouette*  
mass ,lumped and vaulted  
like lungs infused with mothflakes  
        *issued*  
taunted over walls of listless moles  
lenk, flither crimson caesura abused  
in waistcoat reactor, tall, slump  
    measured in shims of clover  
    where the recti wither wh  
    ere the waste goes thin k, whe  
        re cove sunk ,wher  
            e limbs s  
                ink

## Randy-View

~~~~~  
“ays when I understand every word she uses, but I can't make
out a whole sentence. She often gives the imp”

-Stendhal, *The Red and the Black*
~~~~~

I did not know the matterhorn of your urethra  
                    was made of walrus thighs  
the scent of stated mourning under  
                    worthy calloused, sentenced, scatter  
forny chooses, methods squirmed, and why  
the whole flange plunges making out beneath  
                    the ridge of wordy termisons  
                    with wormy orisons  
nor limping nattily like pustule valentines  
                    for Alex Trebec nor blathering  
                    in every marrow sky  
bequeath o mealy astronaut your sender mouthing to the slender  
                    tines  
and willow groggy where the melmoths roam and die.



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